

## RUNAWAY ON THE A. AND B.

A Signal the Kindly Conductor Was Thankful He Heeded.

By JAMES E. DUNNING.

The G. P. A. put his head into the general superintendent's doorway and said:

"Old Tympan's out there again, I see, Palmer."

"No use," replied the general superintendent. "His name came in two hours ago. I told him to report here next time he got drunk. This finishes him."

Five minutes later old Tympan, after forty years of service for the A. and B., went tumbling down the stairs because he was drunk at the Hancock street switch the day the directors went up the line. Palmer had given him a pass home, eighty miles up the road, and then fired him with ten of the words Palmer wasn't accustomed to using on ordinary jobs.

Train No. 8 pulled in while Tympan fumbled the pass on the platform, and he climbed in and found a double seat in the smoker. He knew only that he was out of a job, with a full pint in his coat and Palmer's transportation to take him up home, where he could camp down for the winter with the boys. He had threatened that many times. They deserved it for letting him work for a living.

"Taking vacation, Tympan?" asked Hennessy of No. 8 when he came through for tickets. Tympan admitted he was off for a bit of time up the road.

"Guess you ain't coming back right off," taunted Hennessy. "The return check on your pass doesn't seem to be in sight. Long lay off, eh, Tympan?"

Tympan sat up, pulling his hat over his eyes.

"Dick Hennessy," he said, "you go slow on yer kiddin' 'r I'll roast you one o' these days fr bein' so smart. They've fired me, you c'n bet-yes, they have—fired me good, but I'm next to Palmer yet. An' I heard what Palmer told the G. P. A. this mornin' about your runnin' over orders twice last week. I know somethin', an' don't you kid me no more!"

Train No. 8's conductor ignored the challenge, partly because he dared do no more. He knew the whole operating department had been knocking everybody in sight because old Tympan, invariably drunk and disorderly, held his job while better and younger and sober men were overhauled in Palmer's office for nothing more than leaving stations half a minute ahead of orders or falling to view the annual of some of the spying directors who went up and down. R. H. Palmer got a master tongue lashing those days from the rank and file, and now that the dismissal had really come Hennessy was no more skeptical than any of the others concerning the general superintendent's honest intention of keeping Tympan out of service.

Hennessy tried to conciliate Tympan on his next trip through, but the old man lay with his hat over his face, steaming with rage, too angry even to curse. No. 8 was making beautiful work, and Hennessy felt better than usual. He had eight cars with a big load of women and kids and wanted to be on time anyway because it was his lay off that Saturday and there was an all night game in the "club" at home.

At Inebury Hennessy got his usual orders, everything all straight, and left on time. The rear brakeman found him just afterward and said:

"Hear about the wild freight went up ahead of us? She's a big one, and it wouldn't surprise me if she got stuck on the Long Misery and held us at Lyboun."

Hennessy knew his man was right. Lyboun station is at the foot of a thirteen mile grade known for good reason as "the Long Misery." If a freight got hung there ahead of No. 8 it meant everything balled up, for the A. and B. is a single line, and the directors won't stand for a sliding between Lyboun and Oldtown, the station at the crest of the Long Misery.

Hennessy took the platform at Lyboun before No. 8's brakes held her and sought the dispatcher in the dining station.

"Wild freight?" echoed the telegrapher. "Yes, went up an hour ago. Big train! Yes, big train, but she's got a good rail, and I don't believe she'll hold you a minute."

Hennessy went out and looked to the book by the station door. He found where the wild freight had reported and saw with satisfaction that she was in charge of Bitters, one of the ring and sure to do his best to get that heavy train out of the way long before Hennessy came along.

Lyboun was on the card for only thirty seconds, but Hennessy risked a trifling delay and went back to the operator.

"Can't you ask Oldtown, just for a chance, if that freight's showed up yet?" he asked.

Wild freight 543 started over the Long Misery in good order that Saturday and made excellent time for eight miles or more. Then she was stopped by a shanty in the mogul. Bitters left his caboose and ran up ahead in time to see his red headed engineer grab up the wrenches and start from his seat.

"Go ahead lively as you can, Mike!" he shouted.

Mike gave the mogul sand and steam. She strained for a moment while her drivers raced and then shot ahead so hard that Mike bounced out of his seat. The train had broken

apart seven cars down, leaving thirty-three detached. Before the mogul could gather herself to back up and catch the breakaway the fugitive section was moving off very slowly down the head end of the Long Misery.

"Back up, Irish! Back up and catch 'em!" screamed Bitters.

"You can't do it!" yelled a breathless brakeman who came up from the rear. "Because the gear's just completely out o' the head o' that section and there wouldn't be nothin' to make a couple to it if you caught 'em, which it ain't likely you'll do anyway."

Bitters was thinking of Hennessy and No. 8. If No. 8 were on time she was just leaving Lyboun. Chances were she was late. He knew Hennessy. It was for him to reach Oldtown in time to stop No. 8 at Lyboun. Bitters sickened at the thought of the Saturday night rush of women and children which had given Hennessy's train the name of the "nursery express."

They worked quickly then. In thirty seconds Bitters was in the cab and was giving the mogul steam enough and some to carry. Bitters figured it was four miles to the good, and the way they paced it off made it impossible for him to say he was disappointed when he jumped off at Oldtown.

"No. 8," he held her at Lyboun. My freight's busted, an' thirty-three o' 'em are on the grade, gals to beat thunder!"

"No. 8!" The dispatcher's face was pie crust. "She left Lyboun six minutes ago, late." He went back to his instrument and seat "Seventeen," the clear out signal, to warn the road south of him, but as he did so he knew that No. 8 was coming up the Long Misery ten minutes late, straight into the teeth of the worst runaway the A. and B. had known.

Hennessy was fuming at Lyboun, for he couldn't afford another second, yet Oldtown had seen nothing of the wild freight.

"Better wait for another report from Oldtown," said the operator. But Hennessy was six minutes late then and resolved to go on up the grade. He signalled his engineer and jumped on the rear. The brakeman was there and grinned when the conductor cursed his luck.

Hennessy, halfway through the door, wheeled. There, away back by the station platform, only a fading bit of dismal detail in the familiar view, was old Tympan standing in the middle of the track and waving crossed arms.

"Left and signaling us to come back for him," said the rear brakeman.

Hennessy spoke eloquently, looking at his watch. The time frightened him. "I'll not go back for him," he cried. "I can't be!"

There was that in the rear brakeman's eyes which stopped Hennessy. Suppose he should leave Tympan at Lyboun over Sunday, with no trains either way, and suppose the old man's pull with R. H. P. were still working, and suppose the young husband of her who was Nell Tympan, he who worked in the G. P. A.'s office, should—

And there was old Tympan himself standing in the middle of the track and signaling, "Back up, back up, back up." Could he afford to ignore the old fellow? Though it hurt him to do it, he said:

"No! I believe I'll go back for the old gal, Bill."

The rear brakeman pulled the cord, and Hennessy went in to reckon just how much over thirty minutes late he would be into Oldtown.

There was no denying that old Tympan was exceedingly drunk. Hennessy anothered his wrath with difficulty as No. 8 backed into Lyboun, for he hadn't relished what he had heard going through the day coaches. He leaned out toward the dirty figure reeling across the platform and heard Tympan's idiotic laugh as he boasted of having called back the biggest train on the road. "I jus' went out there—r! out there—and signalled. 'Back up,' and yer backed up, didn't yer? I tell yer, gents, there ain't er man o' the rod darst ter dis-ohbey my orders."

There was a scramble on the platform behind him, and the dispatcher came shrieking like a plow train at a blind crossing.

"Back up, Hennessy, for all you're worth!" he shouted. "Runaway freight—thirty something cars off the wild train coming down the grade—be here in less than a minute. Oldtown wired. Oh, Hennessy, look up the line!"

It was a cloud of sand and dust at the first curve in the Long Misery, three miles away.

Hennessy's knees wavered. The dispatcher struck him with his fist between the shoulders, crying: "Quick, man! Run back into the siding and let the freight go by."

The passengers knew only enough to complain that they were horribly shaken up that afternoon near Lyboun. It was Hennessy himself who switched No. 8 into the siding and who thanked heaven with all sincerity that it was just long enough to take his train and leave the main line open. As he drew the switch his hand went flimsy with the whirl of the freight. When the threatening thirty-three banged past Hennessy gave not one look after, but fainted over the lever and hung like a uniformed scarecrow until they gathered him up.

The Optimist.

Gunner—You look worried to death, old man.

Gunner—Can't help it. My wife is up to her neck in debt.

Gunner—Oh, cheer up! It might be worse.

Gunner—How could it be?

Gunner—Why, if she is only up to her neck in debt that means she has settled for her summer hat, and that means a great deal these days. Chicago News.

Its Name Is Legion.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is the woman's question?

Pa—It is numerous, my son. For example, "What shall I wear?" "How does my hair look in the back?" "Is my hat on straight?" etc.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

For children who are teething, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the best remedy. It is a pure, natural, and safe preparation, and it will soothe the inflamed and swollen gums, and bring the child to its normal state of health. It is sold in every drug store, and is the only remedy of its kind.

## PEARY'S WORD ACCEPTED

His Claim to Have Reached Pole Unchallenged

### THIS ON ANNOUNCEMENT

He Says He Found the Pole on April 5, Nearly a Year After Time Cook Said He Was There—His Seventh Attempt.

The announcement of Commander Peary that he has discovered the North Pole rivets the attention of the entire civilized world. Whatever question of priority may exist between the claims of Commander Peary and Dr. Cook, there can be no doubt that to the United States belongs the unquestionable credit and lasting renown of discovering the North Pole, says the Boston Transcript. The remarkable coincidence of two American announcements of such a colossal achievement, coming within five days, after centuries of fruitless endeavor, is one of the most wonderful in history. The question of priority in reaching the



COMMANDER PEARY.

Pole now absorbs attention in this country and Europe. That Peary will claim to be the first discoverer appears to be definitely assured from the following: first, formal announcement has been telegraphed from Indian Harbor, Labrador, to all principal American and geographical societies of all nations, including Japan and Brazil, specifically announcing that "the North Pole was discovered April 6 by the Peary Arctic club expedition under command of Commander Peary."

Second, a London dispatch received from St. John's, N. F., states that Commander Peary claims that he was the first man to reach the North Pole. Aside from the priority, Commander Peary's announcement of reaching the pole appears to be universally accepted throughout the United States and the world at large, by scientists as well as the general public, and there is an absence of the doubt and skepticism which greeted the Cook announcement. There is, however, apparent reserve of judgment on the question of priority between the two explorers. Dr. Cook, in an interview at Copenhagen yesterday, says he is the "first to shout hurrah for Peary, if he has telegraphed an announcement that he has reached the pole, then it is true, and I congratulate him." Dr. Cook also states that he does not want any controversy. The capitals and great metropolises throughout the world continue to be stirred with excitement and admiration for the achievement by which America has solved the problem of centuries.

Cook and Peary at One Board.

Washington, Sept. 8.—Stirred by the reports of the exploits of Commander Peary and Dr. Cook, the National Geographic society officers are planning to give a fitting reception and banquet here at the annual meeting in December to Peary, Cook, and also Lieut. Shackleton. It was the intention to give medals to Cook and Shackleton, and now it is proposed to enlarge the plans so as to include Peary.

If the plans are carried out they will eclipse anything of the kind ever held in Washington. President Taft will present the medals, in all probability, and members of the cabinet, high officials, and members of Congress will be present. It is likely that the thanks of Congress will be given to Peary and Cook in view of their astounding achievements. This, of course, is providing Dr. Cook gives suitable proofs of his discovery. Dr. O. H. Tittman of the coast and geodetic survey has started for Europe and will personally urge Cook and Shackleton to attend the December banquet.

Scientists here are amazed beyond measure at the report of Peary's discovery of the pole so closely following that of Dr. Cook. No question is raised in

## CHILD'S HEADFUL SKIN TROUBLES

Had Sixty Boils when but Six Months Old—Was Annually Attacked by a Humor—It Looked Red Like a Scald and Spread Over Half Her Head—Both Troubles are Cured.

### NO PRAISE TOO HIGH FOR THE CUTICURA REMEDIES

"When my little Vivian was about six months old, her papa had a boil on his forehead. At that time the child was covered with prickly heat and I suppose in scratching it, her own head became infected for so bad that I was discouraged. Then I procured a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent which soon cleared it out of her blood. I continued the use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment with the Resolvent until she was perfectly well. She is now about eight years old and has never been troubled in the least two years. We also find Cuticura Resolvent a good spring medicine and we are just giving the children Cuticura Resolvent Pills as a tonic. We do not think any one can afford to neglect their skin. It is the Cuticura Resolvent Pills, 674 Spring Wells Ave., Detroit, Mich., Feb. 24, 1908."



Complete Internal and External Treatment for Eruptions of Itch, Chives and Acne and all other Skin Diseases. Cuticura Resolvent Pills, 674 Spring Wells Ave., Detroit, Mich., Feb. 24, 1908. Complete Internal and External Treatment for Eruptions of Itch, Chives and Acne and all other Skin Diseases. Cuticura Resolvent Pills, 674 Spring Wells Ave., Detroit, Mich., Feb. 24, 1908. Complete Internal and External Treatment for Eruptions of Itch, Chives and Acne and all other Skin Diseases. Cuticura Resolvent Pills, 674 Spring Wells Ave., Detroit, Mich., Feb. 24, 1908.

any quarter as to what Peary did. As to Cook, the disposition is to feel he will be able to produce adequate proofs.

One of the most enthusiastic officials here is acting Secretary of State Ade. He declared the result no more than he had looked for. He said he had great confidence in Peary. Mr. Ade holds that if there is land at the pole it belongs to the United States.

Speaking of Peary's preparation, Lieut. Stewart of the navy department said Peary had devoured every work on Arctic exploration he could find, and his enthusiasm was remarkable.

MUST HAVE HEARD OF COOK.

Nares Says Peary Must Have Known of Explorer's Progress.

London, Sept. 8.—Sir George Nares, who led the Arctic expedition of 1875-76, when interviewed with regard to Commander Peary's message, said:

"It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Commander Peary's Eskimos at Etah must have known that Dr. Cook had crossed to reach Eklusere Land. Dr. Cook, then," continued the admiral, "gets down from his Eskimo headquarters at Annotok to Upernivik by a Greenland route never before traversed, passing all the sea glaciers in Baffin bay just in time to catch a Danish government vessel which leaves Upernivik early in the year just before the whaling vessels are due. My first impression was that Dr. Cook had got hold of Commander Peary's Eskimos in some way or other and ought to have communicated either with Commander Peary or with the Eskimos at Etah. The question now arises how it comes about that Cook and Peary announce at practically the same time the discovery of the North Pole. Is it not a peculiar fact that this coincidence takes place, in view of the possibility of news having reached Etah of the success of one or the other of the men?"

GETS MESSAGE FROM DR. COOK.

Mother of Harry Whitney Hears That Her Son Is Well.

Boston, Sept. 8.—Frederic D. Webster of 105 Bay State road, who has just returned from Northeast Harbor, Me., brings word that Mrs. Stephen Whitney, whose son, Stephen Whitney, is engaged to Mr. Webster's daughter, has received word of her other son, Harry Whitney, who was with Commander Robert E. Peary, U. S. N. Harry Whitney was the first white man seen by Dr. Frederick A. Cook when the latter was on his way out of the Arctic regions. Mr. Whitney had been left by Peary at the latter's base of supplies at Etah, which place Peary left on Sept. 26, 1908, on the Roosevelt, bound north.

The message received by Mrs. Whitney at her summer home on Mt. Desert island came from Dr. Cook at Lerwick, Shetland islands, and gave the information that Harry Whitney was well. Yesterday afternoon it was said at the Whitney cottage that a New Haven telegram had reported that a cable message had come for Mrs. Whitney, but the

Better Not Take Whiskey.

The next time you have a sudden chill—yon or any of the folks at home—don't bother with whiskey or waste time. Take quickly a teaspoonful of Peary David's Balm. It is a half a glass of hot water or milk. Its good record of 70 years proves reliability. At your drugist's. The new size is 3 in. or 5 in. a glass bottle. You ought to have it on hand.

## BRITAIN WORRIES OVER POLE.

Discussion as to Ownership to Be Brought up in Commons.

London, Sept. 8.—The question of the ownership of the land of the North Pole is to come up in the House of Commons. Sir George Parker has given notice of his intention of asking Premier Asquith whether this territory is not considered as belonging to Canada, and if Dr. Cook whether or not this act gives the United States any right of possession over the region.

PEARY'S CLAIMS RENEW DOUBT.

London Papers Grow Mistrustful Again of Dr. Cook.

London, Sept. 8.—The Reuter Telegram company publishes a dispatch from St. John's, N. F., in which it is said that Commander Peary claims that he was the first man to reach the North Pole. This claim has given a new flip to the polar controversy, and the afternoon papers display the dispatch from St. John's prominently and under headlines that plainly intimate a revival of the doubts of Dr. Cook's reported success. These doubts had almost disappeared when Peary came upon the scene on the coast of Labrador, and the commander's categorical statement of yesterday has given another dramatic turn to the North Pole controversy.

"I CONGRATULATE HIM."

Mrs. Cook Briefly Discusses Achievement of Peary.

Portland, Me., Sept. 8.—Breaking her long silence, Mrs. Frederick A. Cook, whose husband's claims of having discovered the North Pole antedate those of Commander Robert E. Peary, commented yesterday on the reports of Commander Peary having reached the goal of his ambition. Mrs. Cook's comment was brief and singularly like the expression of Mrs. Peary on the news of Doctor Cook's achievement, saying:

"If Commander Peary has discovered the pole, as I am sure my husband has, I heartily congratulate him."

The New York dispatch stating that Rudolph Franke, who left with Doctor Cook, had brought to her a diary from her husband at Etah, which Mrs. Cook had translated and which would go far toward proving her husband's claims to the discovery of the pole, was denied by the wife of the explorer. Mrs. Cook stated that Franke had merely brought Doctor Cook's trunk from Etah and that she knew nothing of its contents.

Mrs. Cook said she was feeling much better, but as yet had made no arrangements about meeting her husband and was undecided as to when she would leave Portland.

SAW NO TRACES OF COOK'S TRIP

He Does Not Directly Repudiate Cook's Statement But His Report Will Have an Important Bearing on It.

St. John's, N. F., Sept. 7.—Commander Robert E. Peary, who announced yesterday that he had discovered the North Pole on April 6, of the present year, found no trace of Dr. Frederick A. Cook of Brooklyn, who reported to the world five days ago that he had made the same discovery in April of the previous year. This news reached here last night through Captain Robert Bartlett, of the Roosevelt Peary's ship, en route to Chateau Bay, Labrador.

Captain Bartlett telegraphed to relatives here that Peary found nothing to indicate that Dr. Cook reached the pole. While Peary does not expressly repudiate Dr. Cook's contention in so many words, his statement may have an important bearing upon determining the truth of Dr. Cook's statement. The Roosevelt was in good condition and the crew all right said Captain Bartlett and he reported that the schooner Jeannie carrying supplies for the expedition met them off the coast of Greenland.

TIDAL WAVE HITS MEXICO.

Overwhelms Newly Developed Oil Section, in Which Are Many Americans.

Monterey, Sept. 8.—Soto La Marina and the surrounding country, in which are many American oil men, has been overwhelmed by a tidal wave and the inhabitants of the district have taken refuge in the hills, according to a dispatch to Gen. Trevino, commanding the military zone. The message came from the alcalde of the town of Presas Abasco. It is feared there has been heavy loss of life.

General Manager Clark of the National railway sent the steamer Panuco to carry relief supplies.

Soto La Marina, situated on the gulf coast of the state of Tamaulipas, lately attracted a great deal of attention on account of oil discoveries there.

LORD STRATHCONA INJURED.

Thrown From Carriage While Driving to Rensh Saturday Evening.

Winthrop, Sept. 8.—While driving to his ranch Saturday night, Lord Strathcona was thrown out of his carriage and slightly injured. Strathcona is 52 years old.

# Girls Who Work

are especially exposed to the dangers of female organic disorders. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has enabled thousands of girls to hold their positions.

Read what this girl says:

Paw Paw, Mich.—"I suffered terribly from female ills, including inflammation and congestion, for several years. My doctor said there was no hope for me but an operation. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I can now say I am well."—Emma Draper.

And this girl:

Indianapolis, Ind.—"I suffered from a severe female weakness and got so bad that I believe I would have died if I had not obtained relief soon. One doctor said nothing would cure me but an operation."

"My aunt advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as it had done so much good for her. I did and found it to be the right medicine to cure female troubles and build up the system, and I am now in better health than I ever expected to be."—Bessie V. Piper, 29 S. Addison St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Is it not reasonable to suppose that a medicine that did so much for these girls will do the same for any other girl who is suffering with the same troubles?

These testimonial letters are the genuine and truthful statements from honest people.

Does it not seem the only sensible thing to give such a medicine at least a trial? You may be sure that it can do you no harm, and there is lots of proof that it will do you much good.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.



## MAGAZINE REVIEW.

The Guilty Parrot.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, the well-known suffragist, while she hopes she gives due credit to the noble being, Man, does not, on the other hand, overestimate the birds of creation. She was speaking recently of another prominent woman who is somewhat lukewarm in the suffrage cause.

"The trouble with Mrs. Blank," said Mrs. Catt, "is that she fairly worships her husband. She thinks that he is absolutely perfect. Why, the woman actually believes the parrot taught him to swear."—Woman's Home Companion for September.

Made Him Homesick.

At a diplomatic reception in Washington Mrs. Taft, on being complimented on her exquisite French, told a little story about a senator whose French (acquired in twelve photographic lessons) is by no means exquisite.

The senator, fresh from one of his photographic recitals, pronounced upon an under secretary of the French legation at dinner.

"Monseigneur," he said, "eska—ah—eska voo—eska voo voo—ma—voo voo—ma dunny."

"My dear senator," the secretary interrupted, "do, I beg you, stop speaking French. You speak it so well—as, so very, very well—it makes me homesick!"—Kansas City Independent.

His Condolence.

An English lord used to tell a story of a sheriff substitute he once knew slightly.

Although he was a very religious man, the sheriff had his faults, and one of these was that he had a habit of using strong language without realizing what his words implied. The sheriff's best friend was the minister of the parish, and a great misfortune befell the reverend gentleman by the death of his wife.

The sheriff wished to express his sympathy, but he found himself quite at a loss to know what to say. He sat for a long time scratching his head and puzzling himself to know what he could say to the minister. At last he blurted out, "Well, minister, this is a d—l of a business."—London Express.

Moon Worship in China.

The fete of the moon is celebrated in China in the eighth month of the year, and this lasts six days. Presents are then made on which the figure of the moon is apparent, and a large pagoda is illuminated. Firecrackers and music and family reunions prevail. A midnight banquet on the last night terminates the feast, and then the descent of the goddess of the moon, which we call the man in the moon, is awaited. She is supposed to visit the earth at this time to grant the wishes of mortals. The moon with the Chinese is the patroness of poetry, and autumn is the poet's favorite season.

Like a Mental Moving Picture.

Baker—People who have been near drowning say that in an instant all the events of their past lives are presented to their mental vision. Barker—Why not? Barker—If it were true they wouldn't allow themselves to be rescued.—Life.

The Advantage.

Phyllis—I suppose Kenneth's marrying you depends on what your father finds out about him. Mildred—Yes, partially, and partially what he finds out about papa. Fortunately, papa has the advantage of experience.—Vogue.